

# Good Morning 662

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Picture of  
William-at-One  
for L/S Bill  
Taylor



Think of Guildford and you see in the mind's eye the High Street — the most interesting street in Southern England — which rises from the River Wey to what looks like the end of the world, but which in fact is merely the junction of the London and Epsom Roads, writes D. N. K. BAGNALL after a re-visit of the Home Town.

## GUILDFORD

I AM always glad when I can come to Guildford by road. If you come by train you land yourself in one of those dreary spots which so often indicate a railway station, and it takes a little time to throw off that first unworthy impression of the picturesque capital of Surrey.

But to come to Guildford at all is delightful.

So it was that I offered thanks that on my last visit to the town I was fortunate enough to be able to come in over the Hog's Back by car from Farnham. It was a chance gift, and I was grateful indeed.

I suppose there is hardly another stretch of ten miles in the country—certainly not in the South country—where you may travel high above the surrounding landscape

straight, wide road with a pleasant border of grass along each side and feel you are moving along the backbone of the world.

I admit that as you come down into the fringe of Guildford itself you can afford to close your eyes (should you be a passenger) or keep them on the road before you until you reach the town. The outpost houses, modern and not in keeping with the surroundings, make a poor entrance, but you are soon past them. You are over the Wey and before you is the High Street—the most interesting street in the south.

It was many years ago when I first came to it—that steep High Street, rising from the river to what looks like the end of the world, but which in fact is

miss when you avoid the by-pass is the swimming pool—a gay and crowded playground on fine summer days—and a nearer view of the modern Cathedral which has been building so long.

Step by step the roofs of the High Street buildings rise before you as you walk its length. Some cover gracious places, such as the "Lion Hotel," "The Angel" (where Guildford men know how good is the beer) and the old Guildhall. Others are of the modern sort, less attractive, occasionally obtrusive, but none of them (so far as I can recall) failing to fit into the general scheme of good taste and attractiveness.

Everyone who has passed along there knows the imposing black and gilt clock, slung by a girder out above

It had its Castle, but it was never much of a stronghold. What is left of it—chiefly the walls of the Norman Keep and an old gateway—has come to humble use. It is a feature of the public gardens laid out by the Corporation in the usual Corporation style.

It might have fared worse. When local landscape gardeners were invited to submit plans for laying-out the grounds in 1886, one suggestion was that "the ugly ruin in the centre of the grounds should be removed." In place of it there was to be a charming iron bandstand painted green, picked out with gold. At least Guildford Castle did not suffer that indignity.

It was pleasant to sit for a while below the ruins before going along Quarry Street to get a glimpse of St. Mary's Church.

Like St. Nicholas' Church at the bottom of the High Street, St. Mary's was one of the places where the pilgrims, on their way from Winchester to Canterbury, stopped to pray before seeking a bed for the night.

They would come into Guildford, either along the Hog's Back or along the valley road at its foot through Seale and Puttenham, to stay in Guildford before going on through Albury, Shere and Gomshall on the morrow. And they liked Guildford, not only because of its shrines, but also because of its inns. They were not only devout travellers to a far off Cathedral city, they were (many of them) good judges of roads and towns and food and drink. And Guildford was renowned for its hostels.

A writer some centuries later goes out of his way to mention this. Guildford "hath very faire Innes and good entertainment at the Tavernes, the Angell, the Crowne, the White Hart, and the Lyon." And he goes on to say that of all the towns he knows, only Guildford has all its old inns either standing or, wholly or partly rebuilt, bearing the ancient names.

Guildford men and those that live in the villages nearby are exceedingly fortunate in their countryside. There are few localities where it is so easy to find beauty spots, both among the high hills and in the wooded plain.

Small villages, where it is still possible to find old-world cottages and mellow inns, centuries-old churches and well-kept village greens, are to be found whichever way one chooses for an afternoon or day's excursion. And within a short ride is Newland's Corner, the high-point of charm and the gathering place of thousands on Easter Monday or August Bank Holiday.

On the hills by Newland's Corner are some of the finest yew trees in England, bordering that ancient way of the pilgrims.



and see such a panorama on either side.

True, the view to the north is obstructed in many parts by high hedges, but even then you get frequent glimpses of the countryside. But to the south your outlook is open. Your eye travels over the ranks of woodlands and variegated meadows and cornfields to the heights of Blackdown and Hindhead and, beyond them, to the horizon shapes of the South Downs—smoky blue.

And if you are lucky enough to go this way in early summer the smell of the wild flowers and the hedgerow scents come to you as you lean across a gate at the road's edge.

There is no other piece of road like this where you can walk or cycle or drive along a

merely the junction of the London and Epsom roads. And I find new pleasure each time I come to it.

I forgive the railway company its dismal scene (if I have come by train): I forget the jumble of houses at the western approaches; and I bless the great by-pass which takes most of the lorries, the long-distance coaches and the motorists, hastening to some less lovely place, away from the High Street.

Busy it is, this ancient way-fare. But it is no longer crammed with traffic and full of the dust and petrol fumes set up by the pressing throng of vehicles as it was before that convenient great road-drain was made. And the only things worth seeing that you

the street from the ancient Guildhall, with its overhanging balcony and many-sided wooden belfrey. The old clock has told Guildford men and market-day visitors to the town the time for the past two and a half centuries.

I spent so much time in the High Street (calling in at "The Angel" more for memory's sake than refreshment) because it is the soul of this Surrey town and, indeed, it seems to contain most that is good in the many pleasant towns of the southern counties.

Guildford, old enough in history—it dates back at least to King Alfred, who burnt the cakes and slew the Danes—has played no very outstanding part in the wars and other great events of the centuries.

WHEN a bloke hasn't ever seen his dimpled youngster back home across the sea, we're convinced that he never tires of hearing all about him. Well, listen and look, Leading Seaman Bill Taylor.

William Kelvin Taylor had had his first birthday three weeks previously when we called on your 19-year-old wife, Joyce, at 86 Cambridge Avenue, Whitley Bay, Northumberland. So we took a picture of "William-at-one."

We understand that though your wife has sent three photos of William, you got only one, and that was when he was six weeks old. So "William-at-one" ought to make up for all the others.

Yes, he's getting quite a lad is William. He's walking and talking nowadays—but more walking than talking.

Indeed, although he only says "Daddy" and "Mummy" at present (which is pretty good going for a one-year-old), he can pull most of the ornaments off the sideboard—and overturn the bath-tub (only when full of water) with one single heave.

He had whooping cough a few weeks before we called at No 86. But he threw it off as if it had been no more than a bout of sea fever.

You've no doubt heard of a leg-puller? Well, William's a tail-puller. He practises the gentle art with your dog Glen. And so long as William doesn't manage to pull it off one of these days, Glen doesn't mind a great deal.

Your wife and William are looking forward to your next home-coming. And "Good luck," they say.

## A Round Trip With Barney Bedford

WOMBWELL (YORKS).

THEY'VE made forthright George Needham, former vicar of Conisborough, rector of this mining community. The churchwardens wanted the "Perfect Parson" to fill the vacancy. I think they've got him.

Famed throughout the country as the outspoken champion of sound sense in love-making and heart matters, Needham filled his parish church every Sunday night, no matter what his sermon was.

I heard him preach on many occasions, and am proud to regard him as a friend. This is what he told the young men in the parish church one Sunday night: "Avoid a girl who, when she thinks you're not looking, has a mouth like a rat trap. You can learn more about a woman by looking at her eyes and her lips than her hips."

And to the girls he said: "Don't play ducks and drakes with young men. Keep your engagements short. And above all, discard as rubbish the idea that, somewhere in the world, someone you've never met is waiting for you and it would be best to wait for him."

If that isn't sound, straight talking from a pulpit, I don't know what is.

And while on the subject of marriage, let's look in at

PONTEFRAC (YORKS).

WHO wants a perfect bride?

Okay, okay, I asked for it. It's all on the level, but remember that there are only three hotels in this town capable of accommodating visitors, so don't swamp the burg out when next you get shore leave.

The cute little ATSies at Pontefract Barracks run Perfect Marriage courses, and have fully qualified (don't write and ask me for details of their qualifications) instructors and instructresses to give them the gen on sex matters, having babies, looking after 'em, feed-

ing the brute, the way-to-a-man's-heart, and other matrimonial what-have-you.

And when the college—that's what they call it, "The Perfect Bride's College"—ends the session, each girl who passes a test gets a Perfect Bride's Diploma.

And if you know Ponty at all, lads, you'll understand why the new town motto is "Get up Barracks Hill."

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

THIS Perfect Bride stuff must be contagious. Personally, I think it's a lot of guff, but I'm here to give you the gen on home-town news, not my opinions on what's what.

Fed-up with all the medals that get banded out to you submarine wallahs while the girls at home get Sweet Fanny Adams, the girls have got mighty sore.

Because they want to have something to show you when you get back home—they've formed a Perfect Bride's Bureau.

This—the blurb claims—will turn out Pin-up Wives for the Men of the Forces. As if you hadn't guessed!

The girls get the low-down on how to take care of you when they've managed to get you to the altar, and they get a certificate to prove their worth when they've passed the end-of-term exams.

And there is NO TRUTH in the rumour that submariners have been asked to volunteer as passers-out, either!!

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# "Out of the Gloom Came the Mystery Ship in a Supernatural Sea"

## Second instalment of EDGAR ALLAN POE'S strange tale of the MS. found in a Bottle

ALL around were horror and hopelessness of hope itself, and thick gloom, and a black, prepared myself gloomily for sweltering desert of ebony. Superstitious terror crept by degrees into the spirit of the old Swede, and my own soul was wrapped in silent wonder. We neglected all care of the ship, as worse than useless, and securing ourselves as well as possible to the stump of the mizzen-mast, looked out bitterly into the world of ocean.

We had no means of calculating time, nor could we form any guess of our situation. We were, however, well aware of having made farther to the southward than any previous navigators, and felt great amazement at not meeting with the usual impediments of ice. In the meantime, every moment threatened to be our last—every mountainous billow hurried to overwhelm us. The swell surpassed anything I had imagined possible, and that we were not instantly buried is a miracle.

My companion spoke of the lightness of our cargo, and reminded me of the excellent qualities of our ship; but I could not help feeling the utter

hopelessness of hope itself, and that death which I thought nothing could defer beyond an hour, as with every knot of way the ship made the swelling of the black stupendous seas became more dismally appalling. At times we gasped for breath at an elevation beyond the albatross—at times became dizzy with the velocity of our descent into some watery hell, where the air grew stagnant and no sound disturbed the slumbers of the kraken.

We were at the bottom of one of these abysses when a quick scream from my companion broke fearfully upon the night. "See! See!" cried he, shrieking in my ears, "Almighty God! See! See!" As he spoke I became aware of a dull sullen glare of red light which streamed down the sides of the vast chasm where we lay, and threw a fitful brilliancy upon our deck.

Casting my eyes upwards, I beheld a spectacle which froze the current of my blood. At a terrific height, directly above us, and upon the very verge

of the precipitous descent, hovered a gigantic ship, of perhaps four thousand tons. Although upreared upon the summit of a wave more than a hundred times her own altitude, her apparent size still exceeded that of any ship of the line or East-Indiaman in existence.

Her huge hull was of a deep dingy black, unrelieved by any of the customary carvings of a ship. A single row of brass cannon protruded from her open ports, and dashed from the polished surfaces the fires of innumerable battle-lanterns which swung to and fro about her rigging. But what mainly inspired us with horror and astonishment was that she bore up under a press of sail in the very teeth of that supernatural sea and of that ungovernable hurricane. When we first discovered her, her bows were alone to be seen, as she rose slowly from the dim and horrible gulf beyond her

For a moment of intense terror she paused upon the giddy pinnacle as if in contemplation of her own sublimity, then trembled, tottered, and—came down.

At this instant, I know not what sudden self-possession came over my spirit. Staggering as far aft as I could, I awaited fearlessly the ruin that was to overwhelm. Our own vessel was at length ceasing from her struggles and sinking with her head to the sea. The shock of the descending mass struck her, consequently, in that portion of her frame which was nearly under water, and the inevitable result was to hurl me, with irresistible vio-

lence, upon the rigging of the stranger.

As I fell, the ship hove in stays and went about, and to the confusion ensuing I attributed my escape from the notice of the crew.

With little difficulty I made my way, unperceived, to the main hatchway, which was partially open, and soon found an opportunity of secreting myself in the hold. Why I did so I can hardly tell. An indefinite sense of awe, which at first sight of the navigators of the ship had taken hold of my mind, was perhaps the principle of my concealment. I was unwilling to trust myself with a race of people who had offered, to the cursory glance I had taken, so many points of vague novelty, doubt and apprehension. I therefore thought proper to contrive a hiding place in the hold. This I did by removing a small portion of the shifting-boards, in such a manner as to afford me a convenient retreat between the huge timbers of the ship.

I had scarcely completed my work when a footstep in the hold forced me to make use of it.

A man passed by my place of concealment with a feeble and unsteady gait.

I could not see his face, but had an opportunity of observing his general appearance. There was about it an evidence of great age and infirmity. His knees tottered beneath a load of years, and his entire frame quivered under the burden. He muttered to himself, in a low, broken tone, some words of a language which I could not understand, and groped in a

corner among a pile of singular-looking instruments and decayed charts of navigation. His manner was a wild mixture of the peevishness of second childhood and the solemn dignity of a god. He at length went on deck, and I saw him no more.

A feeling, for which I have no name, has taken possession of my soul—a sensation which will admit of no analysis, to which the lessons of bygone time are inadequate, and for which I fear futurity itself will offer me no key. To a mind constituted like my own, the latter consideration is an evil. I shall never—I know that I shall never—be satisfied with regard to the nature of my conceptions. Yet it is not wonderful that these conceptions are indefinite, since they have their origin in sources so utterly novel. A new sense—a

new entity is added to my soul.

It is long since I first trod the deck of this terrible ship, and the rays of my destiny are, I think, gathering to a focus. Incomprehensible men! Wrapped up in meditations of a kind which I cannot define, they pass me by unnoticed. Concealment is utter folly on my part, for the people will not see.

It is but just now that I passed directly before the eyes of the mate; it was no long while ago that I ventured into the captain's own private cabin and took thence the materials with which I write, and have written. I shall from time to time continue this journal. It is true that I may not find an opportunity of transmitting it to the world, but I will not fail to make the endeavour.

At the last moment I will enclose the MS. in a bottle and cast it within the sea.

An incident has occurred (Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. A calepin is a turtle, gourd, dictionary, scarf-pin, kind of pipe, Shakespearean monster?  
2. What is the brightest star, and is it visible in the Southern or the Northern hemisphere?  
3. For what purpose is a spherometer used?  
4. Did the following smoke tobacco? (a) Thackeray, (b) are in Oxford.

Ruskin, (c) Marx, (d) Brahms?  
5. How many notes can be struck on a xylophone?  
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Andrew, Thaddeus, Philip, Luke, Bartholomew, Simon.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 661

1. Egyptian coin.  
2. 344.  
3. (a) In. (b) Amen.  
4. The wife of the Sultan Schahriah in "The Arabian Nights."  
5. (a) Animals, (b) Plants.  
6. Emmanuel is the name of a college in Cambridge; others

## SOCCER SHORTS

HERE'S a story about a footballer-soldier who has been killed—and the argument about the benefit money his football friends raised for his widow.

Lieut. Harry Goslin, former Bolton Wanderers' captain, who played at right-half and was captain of England earlier in the war, was killed serving with the 8th Army in Italy. No sooner had his pals raised £650 in benefit matches for his widow than the Income Tax authorities said they wanted £325 of it.

Friends of his widow are now challenging it. The ruling of the Inland Revenue folk, they say, is not consistent with the recent legal decision that a cricketer's benefit money is free from tax.

SOON after the war came Blackpool A.F.C. had notice that the Royal Air Force would take over their ground—every stick and stone, even down to the Board Room and offices. If they wished to play on the ground, however, they could make an application, and this would be considered.

They did get permission to play on it. But now they will no longer have to arrive mysteriously at their own ground, and slide in like ghosts. For they have just been notified that they can have it back again. The R.A.F. is finished with it—even the Board Room.

That seemed all nice and jolly, and all went well for a time. Until the rumour that the railway company will want the ground because of their post-war schemes.

But maybe there'll be a happy ending to the story after all. Rumour also has it that if they get an entirely new ground it will be one of the best in the country.

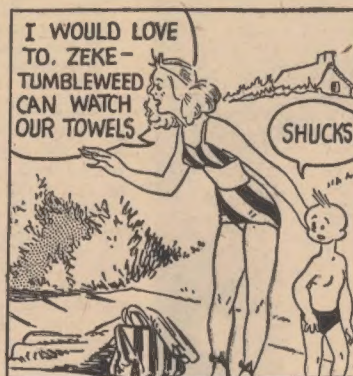
ANOTHER club which may lose its ground is New Brighton A.F.C., who are not playing in League football at the moment. Tom Bentley says it's pre-fabricated houses that are to blame in this case.

## Alex Cracks

Gipsy: "I tell your fortune."  
Man: "How much?"  
Gipsy: "Two-and-six."  
Man: "Correct."

Wife (to late-returning husband): "Is that you, John?"  
John: "It'd better be."

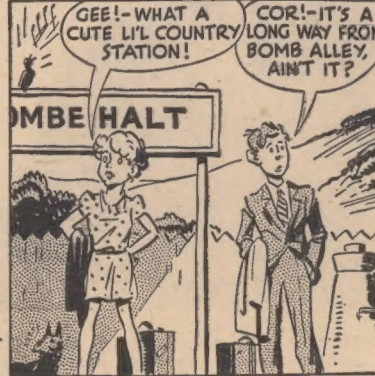
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



BELINDA AND DESMOND DARE ARE GOING TO STAY WITH THE REV. SEPTIMUS STRAIGHT, THE RECTOR OF BUMBLECOMBE...



## POPEYE





Wangling Words No. 601

1. Behead to pray and get a metal.
2. Add two letters to a popular singer (Christian name), shuffle them, and get a vehicle.
3. What poet had A for the exact middle of his name?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The longitude is not sufficient to fix the position of an aeroplane; you also need its — and —.

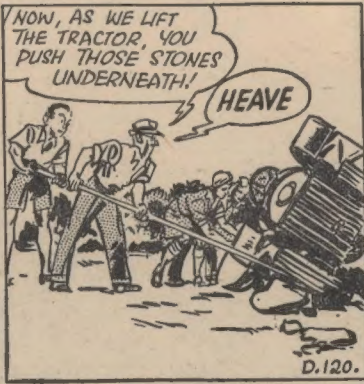
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 600

1. P-rivet.
2. MOLE—N, LEMON.
3. ElGar.
4. Related, altered.

JANE



RUGGLES

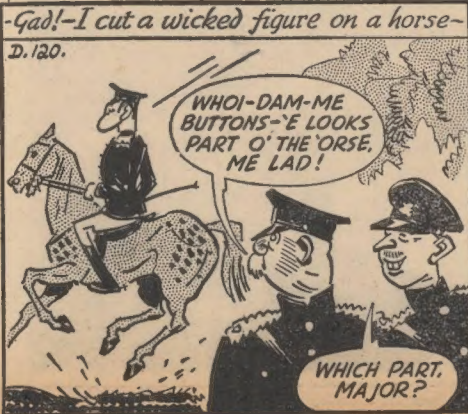


GARTH



JUST JAKE

Yes, Gentle Reader, I inherited all that mellifluous money—(Was my Father mortified!)—and after paintin' Gertshire a luscious lobster—I decided on a glitterin' Army career and joined the Gallopin' Gertshires—with me cheques unstained...



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Legislation. 5 Out. 10 First. 11 Girl's name. 12 Mud. 13 Ship's officer. 15 Appeal. 17 Witty saying. 18 Young animal. 20 Put on guard. 22 Conclude. 24 Parent. 26 For example. 27 Slave. 29 Duct. 31 Duck. 33 The Rock. 35 Farm labourer. 37 Dogged one. 39 Unit of work. 40 Set free. 42 "Sunday Pictorial." 43 Performance.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Flaccid. 2 Coal-tar product. 3 Metal thread. 4 Meat slab. 5 Head covering. 6 Mineral. 7 Match. 8 Compass point. 9 Bold. 14 Mountain ash. 16 Bathe. 19 Fish. 21 Alleviate. 22 Avoid. 23 Sprinkle. 25 Sub-divisions. 28 Fruit. 30 Active. 32 Wood. 34 Produced. 36 Mineral. 38 Straight stick. 41 Through.

Puzzle Corner

1. When Sophy said "Moon," called Betty, is it true that no Martin said "Flowers." What girl can be named (a) Joan word linked these two ideas in Betty, (b) Mary Joan, (c) Betty Martin's mind?
2. Which of the following is an intruder and why?—Virginia, Violet, Vera, Vivian, Vida, Veronica.
3. Knife is to chisel what fork is to: bradawl, gimlet, plane, mallet, punch?
4. If the day after to-morrow were to-day, a week hence would be a fortnight after three days ago last Wednesday. What day is it?
5. When Alec said "Fishing," Donald said "Football." What word linked these two ideas in Donald's mind?
6. Which of the following is many ways are they direct an intruder, and why?—24, 36, opposites?
7. If no fair girls are called are they the same: a square peg Joan, some dark girls are called in a round hole, or a round peg Mary, and some fair girls are in a square hole?
8. The day after to-morrow will be the day before yesterday eight days after my birthday, which falls on a Saturday. What day is it to-day?
9. When Muriel said "Cric-ket," Algy said "Frontier." What word linked these two ideas in Algy's mind?
10. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Fast, Slow, Late, Early, Swiftly, Surely, Quickly.
11. How many properties can you think of which air and ice have in common, and in how many ways are they direct?
12. Which is the better fit—or 42, 12, 84, 72, 63.

Answer to Puzzle in No. 661.

B L E A K  
P E C K S  
S H O W Y  
D E N S E  
A L O N E  
C O M E T  
D R Y A D

ALEX CRACKS

There had been a serious drought, and it had just begun to rain heavily. Said a farmer: "An hour of this rain will do more good in five minutes than a month of it would do in a week at any other time." — "More Bulls and Blunders."

Mistress: "I saw my husband kiss you last night, Mary. How could you let him do it?"  
Mary: "Well, ma'am, I know my place, and I says to myself, 'If it's good enough for madam, it's good enough for me.'"

MS. Found in a Bottle

(Continued from Page 2)

which has given me new room for meditation. Are such things the operation of ungoverned chance? I had ventured upon deck and thrown myself down, without attracting any notice, among a pile of ratlin-stuff and old sails, in the bottom of the yawl. While musing upon the singularity of my fate, I unwittingly daubed with a tar-brush the edges of a neatly folded studding-sail which lay near me on a barrel. The stud-

"I hear you've gone on the water waggon."  
"That's right. The last time I got tight I paid all my creditors."

Pug McSlugg: "I gave my wife a beautiful wrap last night."

K.O. Bruiser: "Yeah, I noticed her eye this morning."

ding-sail is now bent upon the ship, and the thoughtless touches of the brush are spread out into the word DISCOVERY. I have made my observations lately upon the structure of the vessel. Although well armed, she is not, I think, a ship of war. Her rigging, build and general equipment, all negative a supposition of this kind. What she is not, I can easily perceive; what she is, I fear it is impossible to say. I know not how it is, but in scrutinising her strange model and singular cast of spars, her huge size and overgrown suits of canvas, her severely simple bow and antiquated stern, there will occasionally flash across my mind a sensation of familiar things, and there is always mixed up with such indistinct shadows of recollection an unaccountable memory of old foreign chronicles and ages long ago. (To be concluded to-morrow)

Dusty Anderson

A NEW name on the screen is that of Dusty Anderson, but according to Columbia, who have her under contract, it is one of which you will be hearing quite a lot in the near future. It was Columbia who discovered her when they were rounding-up all the magazine beauties for "Cover Girl."

Dusty was born Ruth Anderson on December 17th, 1918, at Toledo, Ohio, where her father is a Government employee.

She had early ambitions to act, paint and decorate, and when she was five, opportunity knocked. She had an offer to go into "Our Gang" Comedies, but her mother turned it down.

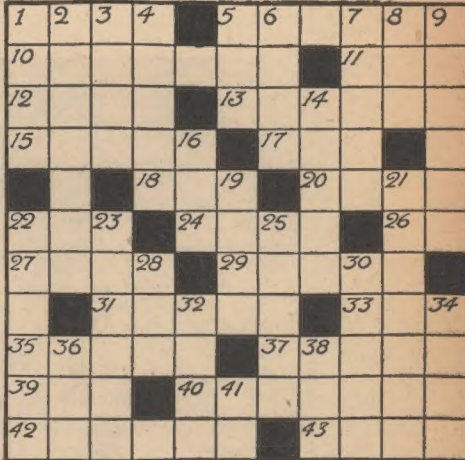
In Dusty's case, opportunity knocked more than the proverbial once, for she later won a £100 prize in a lucky draw competition at a cinema in her home town. It paid her expenses for a trip to New York, where she hoped to become a dress designer, but she found it paid better to be a model, and was soon in demand for magazine covers.

When Columbia was about to film "Cover Girl," Dusty Anderson was one of the girls chosen for the technicolor musical. It gave her an opportunity to fulfil her ambition to act, and now she has a featured role in the latest Rita Hayworth song-film. "To-night and Every Night."

DICK GORDON.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

CAR PAMPAS  
FORAY GUIDE  
ANIMAL SNOW  
GIG NECTAR  
CHOKER FED  
B TIE ABODE  
AT LENDER L  
SEAM ALLEGE  
ENHANCED IT  
SOONER ABLE  
TRY TEEMED





# Good Morning

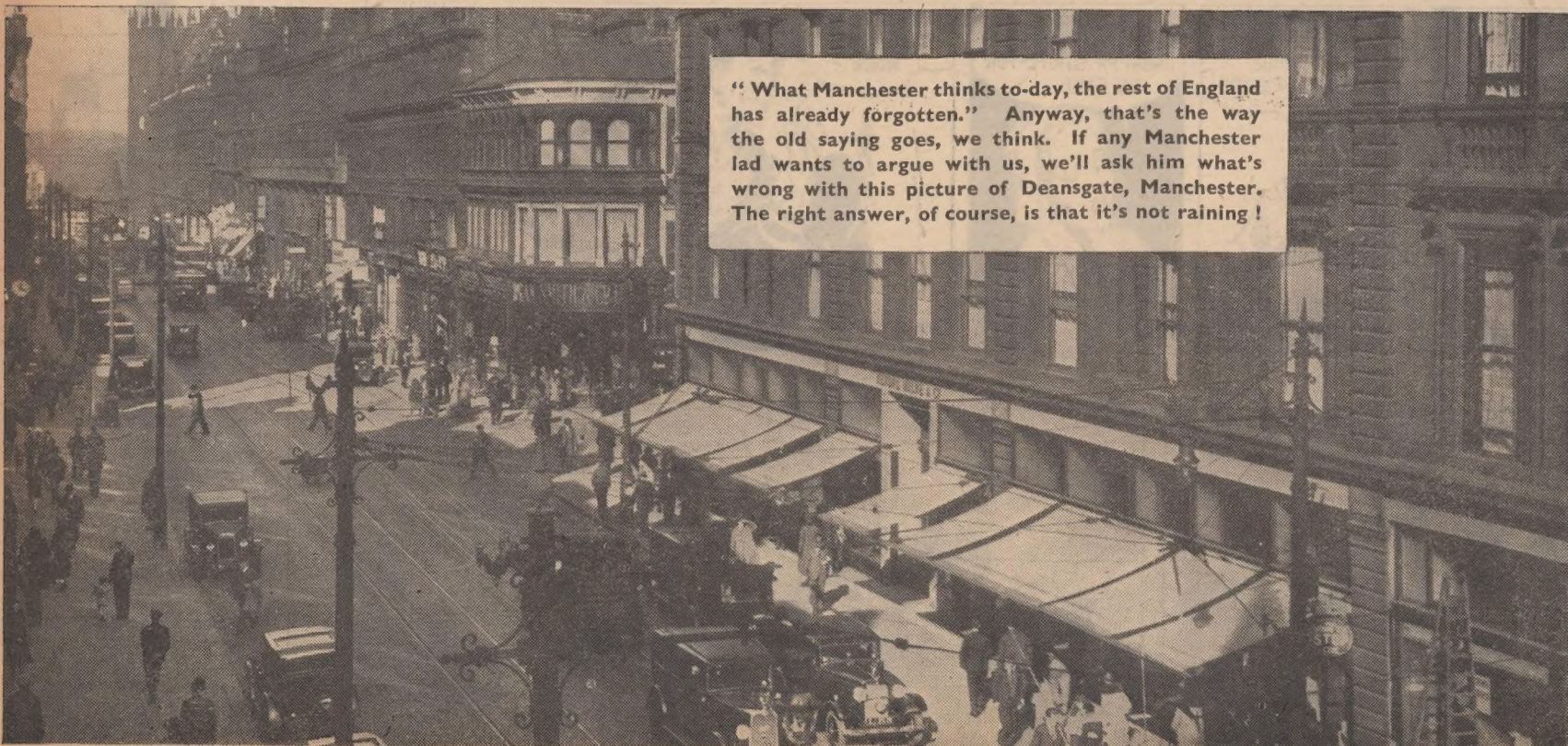
"One Man in a Boater," or "Do not trust him, Gentle Maiden"—a Melodrama in two Acts. (Act I.): Sir Gadsby waylays the new Governess at the Hall. The time is Spring. Sir Gadsby thinks it's time to spring. The new Governess is no Spring chicken. (Act II.): Sir Gadsby has got his victim where he wants her. With a gentle shove, she gets him where she wants him. "It was as easy as falling off a log," she says laughingly.



**UNDER THE "BIG TOP."** The great Sanger-Benet circus has just taken to the road for its summer tour. New attractions this year include "Lucos," a charger once owned and ridden by Mussolini in ceremonial parades in Rome; and "Sultan," the sitting pony. Here you see "Sultan" learning a new trick, ably assisted by Babs the clown.



**THE TYPE GENTLEMEN STILL PREFER**—that is, speaking for ourselves! Yes, it's another gorgeous, glamorous blonde—this time, Paramount's Marie McDonald. We're told she can sing a bit as well—as though that mattered!



"What Manchester thinks to-day, the rest of England has already forgotten." Anyway, that's the way the old saying goes, we think. If any Manchester lad wants to argue with us, we'll ask him what's wrong with this picture of Deansgate, Manchester. The right answer, of course, is that it's not raining!

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"So he classes himself as a gentleman, does he?"

